

Life's April Fool

The story saith, "Man, in the beginning look well, and take good heed of the ending, be ye never so gay."

Once a year we play the fool in a harmless way and flatter ourselves that it is the only day in three hundred and sixty-five when we depart from seriously considering what Life means—what it exacts.

It cannot be true, because millions and millions of people in the United States haven't a cent of money in the bank.

Thousands will give a lusty kick to a silk hat on the sidewalk and nurse a wounded toe. Old, old joke that it is, some must learn that lesson.

Let us liken this funny episode to the man whose everyday life is spent making a spectacle of extravagant living, and dressing. One of the thousands and thousands that seek to impress the world by outward appearances. The world is impressed with the conviction that the man who relies upon outward appearance to advance him is all surface—nothing underneath.

Every day he kicks a silk hat which cunningly conceals the brick of extravagance.

Soap, temptingly disguised with rich, milk chocolate coating, is a horrid morsel to bite into. The delusion that she was born to lead the fashion is very tempting to many a woman. The taste of temporary popularity, maintained at a sacrifice of everything else, becomes most bitter at the very early reckoning scheduled for the time when the bills come in.

Millions of our people feel that the 4% interest offered on their savings accounts does not total a fortune quick enough. The "get-rich-quick" mania is not peculiar to the promotor only. He suggests that it would be nice to realize 25% instead of four. Every day in the year is April Fool's day in this regard for some otherwise sensible person. Instead of safeguarding his best interests by main-

taining a savings account, he throws his brains to the winds and his money to Skinnem Oil, Inc., and sees pocketbook and all skip round the corner at the end of a string. Old, old "joke," but daily born again.

A famous astronomer studying the stars as he strolled along at night, stepped kerplunk into the river. He failed to watch his earthly progress while he mentally hibernated in the heavens. He might as well have been blind. He has his counterpart in the one who promises himself great things at some future date, while he daily tramples under foot the only means of making his dreams come true. He wears a tag on his back every day. It says: "I am blind—kick me." And he is blind, and every day of his life is one round of vigorous kicks in the pocketbook—and that's all that gets kicked; just the pocketbook, because there's nothing in it. Yet he would strongly deny that the year is one chain of three hundred and sixty-five April Fool's days for him.

How sudden are the blows of fate!

How true the words of Byron:

"Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than owl songs in the midnight blast,
Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so.'"

Life's prize April Fools are the ones who do not save. They insist that Life must give what Life cannot give unless earned.

Life's ablest ally in the accomplishment of our happiness is the savings account. You are included in Life's grand scheme of good things. You are the only one who would make you a beggar.

Each to his taste, but, being beggared, try, if you can, to win happiness out of that crucible called debt.

Let April Fool's Day see you do the wisest act of your life—open a savings account and prove that even on the day when you are privileged to be a little foolish, you can be truly wise. Ogden's good banks invite you to open an account.

All Savings Accounts Opened on or Before April 5th Will Draw Interest from April 1st

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